

Speaker at Memorial Exercises

Urges Beautification of Cemetery

Now Wind Swept Waste of Sand

In Address to Woodmen at Fairview Burying Ground Francis E. Wood Pleads for Proper Improvement of Resting Place of Dead by People of Albuquerque: Impressive Services in Memory of Departed.

In a most eloquent address to the Woodmen of the World at the annual memorial services held by the order yesterday afternoon at Fairview cemetery and attended by a large number of people, Attorney Francis E. Wood took occasion to plead for the beautification of the cemetery by the people of Albuquerque. The address was a most impressive one, and was well received by the audience.

Thirty-five graves were decorated and several monuments dedicated to the memory of the deceased members of the Woodmen of the World in Fairview and Santa Barbara cemeteries yesterday on the occasion of the annual observance of W. O. W. Memorial day. The camp was assisted in the dedicatory exercises by the Circle and the Ladies' quartet, composed of Mrs. Hugh Collins, Mrs. Roy McDonald, Mrs. E. V. Winchester and Mrs. Ralph Henderson.

In Fairview cemetery, the Woodmen dedicated the monument erected by the order to the memory of the late Richard W. D. Bryan, Hon. Francis E. Wood delivered an impressive address and Rev. J. M. Solle recited a prayer. Other monuments were dedicated in memory of Frank Rossi, Nicholas Gehring and A. Dumas.

Mr. Wood's Address.

Some five and forty years ago, at the close of our great civil war and the founding by its union veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, it was ordained by that great organization that one day in the springtime of each year should be dedicated to the memory of their fallen comrades; and though originally its exercises were limited to commemorating those who fought on the side of the union, time softened the bitterness of that mighty struggle, and on that day in later years we strew flowers alike on the blue and the gray and proudly recognize the valor and the unity of motive in each as the most noble heritage of a reunited nation.

It was a beautiful custom, this setting apart a day to recall the noble deeds of our loved ones and strew flowers on their final resting place, and in recognition of the sentiment that "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war" and the man

whose life has been spent at the bench or behind the plow was capable of as true a heroism and frequently contributed by his patient sacrifices more to the cause of humanity than he who charged the cannon's mouth the fraternal order of the Woodmen of the World has decreed that on this beautiful June Sabbath we gather together around the graves of our loved ones that have gone before, those dear ones who though not renowned on the bloody field of battle yet fully earned in life that incomparable epitaph, "they did what they could." Today we cover with flowers their final resting place and awaken again in our own hearts the memories that bound them to us in life.

It is a most fitting and praiseworthy practice for us to do this, and yet my friends, if this memorial is ended when we leave this cemetery, if the occasion of our visit here is merely to place these flowers and green leaves, if we come here only to mourn the departed and perchance to drop a tear on their graves, then indeed we will have lost the significance and the lesson of this event. It is honor those who are sleeping here, if when we leave this cemetery we do not carry home with us some beautiful flower plucked from the wreath of their lives, to be an inspiration to us for better deeds in the future.

Nowhere else on earth are we so impressed with the equality of man as here. Here we do not think of the wealth of the one and the poverty of the other that lies below. Poverty and wealth are of this world and here lies the gateway through which neither may pass. Wealth is the result of the one's costly and imposing monuments, but they merely mark the place where lies the man, and when we pass from admiring the work of the artist to contemplating what lies beneath we compare not monument with monument but man for man with his humble neighbor whose bed is unmarked save by a board. We erect monuments over our dead and it is right that we should do so, but what after all do monuments signify? The mighty pyramids of Egypt, those greatest of structures reared by the hand of mortal man, were designed to proclaim his greatness to succeeding generations until time should be no more. But time has erased from history's pages even the name of the mighty Pharaoh, and the pyramid stands today a monument instead to the thousands of his lowly subjects who painfully and beneath his cruel lash piled stone on stone.

Years ago an humble private citizen left home and friends and opportunity for a life of ease, and took up his residence in the leper colony on the island of Molokai. For a number of years he labored to relieve the condition of those doomed wretches and when at last the inevitable result had come to him, the stone that marked his resting place differs not from that which marks many of those for whose welfare he died. Yet it needs no granite monument to tell future generations of the nobility of character of that humble priest and the name of Father

Deurion will grow brighter in history as the years pass on and inspire many another to deeds of charity and mercy that would never be attempted but for the example of his life. It is the good that man accomplishes that lives after him and builds a more enduring monument to his memory than any structure of marble or granite that we can erect.

My friends, we are not here today to shed tears and mourn the death of these departed ones. Death is the inevitable end of all mortality. We are here to call up in our mind the many noble acts and traits of character, humble though they may have been, that characterized their lives, to think over the things they did that made the world better because they lived in it, and place our flowers on their graves, not in sorrow but in humble rejoicing for the beautiful example they left us, and a firmer resolve to emulate in our future relations with our fellow men the particular traits that make us remember them so happily today; so that in future years when our friends come here to leave a wreath on our bed they may recall these same traits in us and be able to say to their assembled brothers, the world is better because we lived in it. Were they good and loyal parents? Is there not something we have learned from that regard? Was their example for the moral elevation of their fellow? Has our past conduct given scandal to the weak? Did they stretch out a hand to their less fortunate brother, aid him when his burden seemed too heavy to carry; divide with him their crust and revive his drooping head with sweet sympathy and consolation? Have we shut our eyes and turned aside that we might not see the needy brother fainting by the way and lay down to rest on our soft couch while he writhed upon the cruel thorns? Oh, my brothers assembled here for this beautiful memorial service, unless you can gather from the memories of these honored dead some inspiration that you can carry with you for nobler work, then do not deprecate their sacred resting places with thoughtless sentiment or hypocritical tears.

It is indeed refreshing, my Woodmen friends, in this material age when men are appearing to lose sight of the finer traits of character and to value a man more for what he has, than for what he is, in this age when the respect of the masses for the wisdom drawn from the experiences of the ages for the glorious past of our native land and its time tested and time honored institutions, are for the memory and example of the lives and teaching of their own parents and friends seems at the lowest ebb, to find such an order as the Woodmen erecting these beautiful and lasting monuments to their departed brothers in nearly every cemetery throughout our land, and ordaining this annual pilgrimage to the graves of these brothers to extol their virtues and recall their example.

One of the chief marks that distinguished a civilized man from the brute creation has been his respect for the memory of his dead. Scattered through Egypt and the ancient cities of the east, down from time almost historic are the awe-inspiring tombs and monuments to the departed covered over with carved inscriptions and characters portraying to future generations the qualities and achievements of those who sleep within. Even the figured totem poles of the Alaska Indians bespeak the respect of those primitive people for their departed. From early Saxon times the dead were gathered together into the sacred confines of what they appropriately called the Gottaker—the field of God—and among our own ancestry their dead were carried with pomp and ceremony to the churchyard, that the dead should be ever present in their thoughts when they came to that sacred place and declared their faith in the words of the creed, "I believe in the communion of saints, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting." In later years, when the crowded condition of our cities and towns has made it impractical to lay our dead in the churchyard, in most places in our land we have selected some beautiful spot, decorated with trees, flowers and the fresh green grass, that the resting places of those dear ones may be made respectable and attractive for us to visit and commune with them in spirit.

It is more especially gratifying, my Woodmen friends, to see you in this bustling western city of ours, where the dead are somewhat neglected in our anxiety for the material progress of the living, marking the graves of our departed brothers with these beautiful and symbolic monuments and visiting them annually and doing what you can to relieve the desolation of these piles of dry sand under which they lie. Beautiful and appropriate is the location of this cemetery nestled in this protected spot overlooking on the one side the fertile valley in which we live and surrounded on the other by these majestic mountains of granite. It is indeed an ideal spot for a cemetery. Yet here on this spot with unlimited water within easy reach of drill and pump, with which we could convert it into a bower of beauty, we are laying our dear ones year after year in a desolate waste, unrelieved by tree or flower or friendly thing of green. I can scarcely wonder or blame some of our people, or ordinary good citizens and Christian people, when I see here the resting place of some beloved child covered over with the weeds and long accumulated drift of sand and there perhaps the bosom companion of another standing high amongst us whose grave has lain for years without so much as a board to tell the passerby that the one who sleeps beneath is not forgotten. It is discouraging to try to mark or beautify a lot where no green thing can grow. One cannot supply all these things alone and we do not seem to be willing to co-operate. In most respects few indeed are the cities more progressive than ours. We are justly proud of our business houses, our miles of brilliantly lighted and smoothly paved streets, the magnificent homes and temples of worship of our fraternal and religious organizations, our well conducted places of amusement, our magnificent hospitals and charitable institutions and more than all of the progressive and bustling body of men that make up our population; but unfortunately it must be confessed that amidst all this energy for the living we seem to have

formation and dead. In many other cities situated no better than are we, their cemeteries are hovers of beauty. Take for example the city of Pueblo, Colo. Their cemetery is one of the principal show places of the city. Shrubs and trees, flowers and grass, abound; and by a system under which the initial price of a lot guarantees perpetual care they have the comforting assurance that it will never be otherwise. What better monument than that could be erected to our dead, and how long will our beautiful city, otherwise so progressive, submit to present conditions? All honor to you, Sovereign Woodmen of the World of Albuquerque, may you long live to keep up the Christian practice of honoring your dead that you are exemplifying here today, and let us hope that the seed of your example will take root even in this ground that now seems so barren, and inspire some and shame others into a united effort which will result in giving our beloved dead a resting place in which we can visit them without the blush of shame that is now almost inevitable.

LIGHTNING.
By Howard L. Rann, in Phoenix Republican.

Lightning is the business end of a thunderbolt and can penetrate farther than any other known illuminant. It has been known to cast its rays through the person of a ruminative milch cow, and then bounce off into a barbed wire fence and burn a large white hole through a new red barn. Nobody but an electrical engineer is able to play with lightning without being supererogated by a card of thanks. Lightning is caused by two thunderbolts coming together in a rear-end collision and throwing off large, jagged sparks, which are then allowed to fall to the earth and annoy people who get in the way. After a person has stood in the pathway of one of these sparks once and had it come out through his hip pocket, he will not care whether the White Sox land in the first division or the cellar. It is said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. This is because people who have been struck once generally manage to see it coming first. A favorite point of attack for lightning is a decrepit dwelling which is insured for four times the value of the house and lot. Every year hundreds of aged barns are destroyed by lightning on bright moonlight nights, yielding enormous revenue to put up a new structure and cement the cellar. Lightning is always followed by a deep, rumbling noise, which informs people who have their heads under the bedclothes that they are safe until the next collision. This noise is caused by water-logged clouds trying to buck each other off the right of way, and is very depressing to people whose accident insurance has expired. The lightning rod is an ornamental spire which is attached to a house in the hope that lightning will find it before it gets to any other of the immediate family. As this happens about one in twelve million times, people who put their trust in the lightning rod would do better to climb into the coal bin and try to think of some good deed done.

THE DEATH OF THE
POET-LAUREATE

A Difficult Place.
(Los Angeles Times)

Sir Alfred Austin is dead. He never distinguished himself particularly as a poet either before or after he became England's laureate. He was a builder of charming verses, being a good mechanic of pretty sentiment, but he lacked in fire and in cosmic grasp. He was a modest man and perhaps underadvised. He seems to have had a gentle habit of inspiration without realizing for the sublime peaks of the deep vales whence the muse must take her flight if a poet is to wear the crown of immortals. England was not expected to produce two Tennysons in succession, especially as it has not been so long ago since the day of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Byron. Austin seems to have been a man too good and too fine to hold the respect of the people, even though he failed to take rank as a genius of letters.

Not a Poet of the People.
(New York Globe)

It cannot be said that the late poet laureate disappointed popular expectations. He got the laurel by no natural selection, but rather as a reward for his persistent defense of things as they were and might be under conservative administration. The aspirations of his day, save as they reflected the narrow provincial pride of some of his countrymen, touched no responsive chord in his heart. Of pomp and rank he sang in fittingly stilted phrase. For the deep emotions of the people he had neither sympathy nor power of utterance. His lines on the death of Edward VII. were no less uninspired than his unfortunate attempt to glorify the Jameson raid. Yet Alfred Austin was not without distinction. Many of his critical essays were trenchant in style if unsound in substance, and his prose idyls, notably "In Veronica's Garden," breathe the breath of nature. The same is true of some of his earlier verse.

The place he leaves vacant might be easily filled, far more easily than the place he took in 1896, when the memory of Tennyson was still green. But if England waits for a singer of the people Alfred Austin's successor is not likely soon to be named.

Bad Auto Accident.

Omaha, Neb., June 9.—Fearing at top speed through South Omaha in an automobile, J. A. Moore, of Council Bluffs, with four companions, ran into a buggy, seriously injuring the driver, Mrs. Thos. Greene, South Omaha, and slightly injured four of her party. The buggy was hurled fifty feet. Mrs. Greene was removed to a hospital.

Moore was held by the police pending an investigation.

Diamond Ice—the best ice, made from distilled water, Phone 57-58.

5,000 TEACHERS TO FLOAT ON GREAT SALT LAKE

National Educational Association to Plunge en Masse Into Saline Waters at Meeting at Salt Lake City in July.

Salt Lake City, June 9.—Perhaps 5,000 teachers will be floating on the surface of Great Salt Lake on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 2. That day the entire National Educational Association convention, in this city July 5 to 11, will adjourn to the bathing beach on the inland sea. What with visitors and townspeople, it is estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 persons will visit the resort that day and at least one-third will be unable to resist the tempting, light-green waters of the lake. Since everyone who bathes in the lake floats, the spectacle of 5,000 or so men and women lounging atop the water is promised.

Qualities of the inland sea doubtless will prove interesting to the educators and some interesting experiments probably will be made. The beach, shallow, mysterious body of water contains 23 per cent salt, giving it properties that sustain the human body on the surface without exertion or skill by the bather. Drowning is impossible. The only precaution necessary for the veriest novice at aquatics is to avoid swallowing the water or getting it in the eyes. To do this is more uncomfortable. Wherefore, diving is not a popular sport, and the water is only a few feet deep for leagues around the Salt Lake pavilion.

The pavilion, casino, boardwalks and other properties of the bathing resort are on the lake itself, instead of on its shores. They are situated 1,000 feet from the shore, yet the beach here is as smooth and shallow as high-tide beach on the ocean. The bathing is an immense, structure Moorish in design, and contains the largest unobstructed dance floor in the world. Also it is perhaps the most democratic dance floor in the world.

Any summer evening at Salt Lake will find society debutantes and sales girls from 5 and 10-cent stores, teamsters and rich young bloods who own motors, dowerers from mansion growing rooms and matrons of humble toilers, bald-headed bookkeepers and 40-year-old nabobs, all waiting to the luring strains of the latest hit on the glassy surface of the pavilion. They do not commingle socially at the nightly hops, these members of society's different divisions; they dance merely with members of their own set—yet all classes are willing to swap rooms and the immense ball room is big enough for everybody. Nights are cool in Utah and dancing at the beach is as popular a summer diversion in the evening as bathing is in the daytime.

LANE SCREEN TO BE MANUFACTURED

New Machine Installed at Deming to Make Irrigation Well Device; Mimbres Valley News.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald)
Deming, N. M., June 7.—A local company has just completed the installation of a machine for the man-

Blood Bath Knocks Rheumatism

Remarkable Effect of a Remedy That Actually Irrigates the Entire Blood Supply.



The Hardest Nut of All, Rheumatism, is Cracked by S. S. S.

It sounds queer to take a blood bath but that is precisely the effect of a most remarkable remedy known as S. S. S. It has the peculiar action of soaking through the intensities directly into the blood. In five minutes its influence is at work in every artery, vein and tiny capillary. Every member, every organ of the body, every emunctory becomes in effect a filter to strain the blood of impurities. The stimulating properties of S. S. S. compel the skin, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder to all work to the one end of casting out every irritating, every pain-inflicting atom of poison; it dislodges by irrigation all accumulations in the joints, causes acid accretions to dissolve, renders them neutral and restores these peculiar formations in the nerve centers that cause such mystifying and often baffling rheumatic pains.

And best of all this remarkable remedy is welcomed by the weakest stomach. If you have dragged yourself until your stomach is nearly paralyzed, you will be astonished to find that S. S. S. gives no sensation but goes right to work. This is because it is a pure vegetable infusion, is taken naturally into your blood just as pure air is inhaled naturally into your lungs. You can get S. S. S. at any drug store at \$1.00 a bottle. It is a standard remedy, recognized everywhere as the greatest blood antiseptic ever discovered. If you are in a peculiar case and you desire expert advice, write to The Swift Specific Co., 123 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

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manufacture of the famous Laine shutter screen which is used extensively in irrigation wells. This machine is the second one of its kind ever manufactured and it is set up here in Deming for the manufacture of the above mentioned screen, thus making a moving on freight, as the iron for manufacturing the screen is shipped here in a flat male, thus making a much lower rate than the manufacturing of screen. The machine will be in operation some time next week. The company has received a carload of iron for manufacturing the screen. This company is building a large shed room. The shed is 50x20 and built of corrugated iron with a cement floor. A loading platform which is connected with the shop by means of two large sheds and yards, abuts on the Santa Fe which to the north of the union station.

A heavy rain is reported this afternoon in the eastern end of Luna county. Very little rainfall here.

The Mimbres Valley Irrigation company, since its complaint was rejected by the court last Monday, has amended its petition, and the hearing upon the same will be held at Silver City next Monday. The cause is styled The Mimbres Valley Irrigation Co., plaintiff, versus The Rio Mimbres Irrigation Co., defendant, and the complaint alleges that the defendant is unlawfully appropriating waters which belong to the plaintiff.

A. O. Taylor and sisters, Grace and Peggy, entertained a large party of Demingites at their ranch yesterday evening with a lawn supper and bridge game afterwards. The party went out in five automobiles to the Taylor farm, which is eight miles southwest of Deming. The following composed the party:

Mrs. Madeline Leonard, Bush, Harrington, Pollard, Thurman, Nordhaus, Moore, McTeer, Misses Leonard, Johnson, Waddell, Louise and Jane Hodgdon, Porter, Messrs. Rutherford, Bush, Dornbush, Pollard, Williams, Jaeger, Nordhaus, Foulks, McTeer and Lindauer.

Alex Tools traded residence property in Washington to William Roselle for his equity in the north half of the old Anderson homestead four miles southwest of town. Mr. Roselle will leave for Washington in a short time.

C. W. Hughes has traded his farm near Red Mountain for a farm near Arapaho, Okla., and will move there next winter. A. M. Hughes, son of C. W. Hughes, will superintend the Hughes farm for the party who has traded for it.

"SHE LOOKS OLD" AND NOT YET 40
Many women fade early, simply because they do not take proper care of themselves. They constantly overlook these ailments that if not checked rob them of all health and beauty.

At the first symptoms of a functional disturbance or an organic derangement, if women will only rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that great woman's remedy for women's ills, it will aid the nature to return to your cheeks, sallow looks depart, spirits brighten and backache and headaches caused by such troubles to be known no more.

INTER-URBAN ROAD IS PROPOSED BY LOCAL MAN

Prospectus Is Issued Telling of Line to Be Built from Belen to Jemez Springs to Albuquerque.

E. J. Hall, a local civil engineer, has issued a prospectus of the Albuquerque Interurban Railway Co., to be incorporated and built for the purpose of providing railway service for the people of the Rio Grande valley from Belen to Jemez Springs. Motor cars of the type used on the line between San Diego and La Jolla, Cal., are to be used on the Belen-Jemez road, according to the pro-

P. J. JOHNSON, Agent

ALBUQUERQUE

PUBLIC AUCTIONS

EVERY WEDNESDAY
122 W. Silver Avenue

Mr. Frank, the Auctioneer, will hold regular weekly auctions, each and every Wednesday, starting at 2:30 p. m., in the store room, 122 West Silver Avenue, just one door from Second street.

I will sell anything and everything at these sales. You can send in anything you wish sold, and I will sell it on commission. Money advanced on consignments, as well.

This new room, occupied by me as a store room in connection with my regular auction room opposite the postoffice, is large, well ventilated, and spacious, and can accommodate the large crowds usually in attendance at these auctions.

Don't sell anything before you talk to me

My office remains at 120 South Fourth street, opposite the postoffice. In future my auctions will all be conducted at the store room, 122 WEST SILVER AVENUE (One door from Second Street.) Phone 945.

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